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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1909.

Attempting to Discredit Cook.

The noticeable recent attempts to discredit Dr. Frederick A. Cook have been in the main, at least, decidedly unconvincing. Very little, if anything, has been offered in evidence that would be admitted for one moment in a court of law.

Mr. Peary's copyrighted "exposure," lately promulgated, fell about as flat as it possibly could have fallen. It depended for its standing entirely upon hearsay, opinion, and deduction from the statements of ignorant Eskimos, questioned by the prosecution exclusively and not cross-examined. Mr. Peary seeks to prove that Dr. Cook went no farther north than a certain point, upon the isolated testimony obtained as aforesaid. Boiled down, there is nothing more to his statement—nothing whatever.

Following this has come the affidavit of one Barrill, the guide with Dr. Cook when that gentleman claims to have ascended to the summit of Mount McKinley. This guide comes forward with the remarkable statement that he has been a party to a disgraceful deception for several years with respect to that performance; that he changed records and made entries in his diary in support of a claim not founded on truth. He premises his attempted discrediting of Dr. Cook upon a pack of confessed falsehoods indulged in by himself several years back—and he comes upon the scene with this at a suspiciously opportune moment, moreover. Why should any one believe him? If he was willing to lie for Cook several years ago, why should he not be willing to lie again now? In a court of law, the witness probably would be promptly impeached, if his testimony did not go out as utterly irrelevant, so far as concerns the north pole dispute.

But here are two nuts for Mr. Peary to crack. First, Dr. Cook claims to have discovered land far north of the extreme point Peary says he reached. Its location is given in latitude and longitude. It is still there—for it is land and cannot get away—or it isn't there. If future investigation shows that land just as Cook places it, it will knock every prop from beneath the already wabbly "exposure" of Mr. Peary. Second, Dr. Cook claims, in his book, written some years ago, and in a recent statement, that he left certain specific evidence of his presence at the summit of Mount McKinley; that it is in a brass tube, easily recognizable and accessibly located. "Let any man follow the line of travel I followed, and can map out, and he will find my evidence," says Cook, in substance. If that is done, and those records located, out will go the astonishingly grotesque statement of this Barrill.

Now, here are two concrete and positive propositions. By them Cook can be vindicated or utterly discredited. The other methods of assault are vague and unconvincing—and have proved nothing. Unless Mr. Peary's partisans are prepared to refute Dr. Cook's claims in order and decently, we think the sooner the commander's warfare is ended the better for the commander and his future status in history.

The Tramp Problem.

Since the day the first steam locomotive ran from Baltimore to Ellicott City, the genus hobo has made the railway tracks his highway, and the box cars and trucks of passenger coaches his vehicle of transportation. He has considered it an inalienable right to travel from one part of the country to the other without the payment of any fare. He has been able to obtain free transportation to the South in the winter months, and to the cooler States of the North in the spring. He has done this by "beating" his way.

Now come the official figures showing that nearly 50,000 trespassers on railroad property were killed in the last ten years. Not all were tramps, but the majority, no doubt, were. This heavy loss of life, an unnecessary slaughter of persons who had no legal right on the tracks, has led to a determined fight by some of the roads to end the trespassing evil.

This wanton destruction is responsible for the unfavorable showing made by the American lines as compared with those of Europe. There walking on the tracks is sternly forbidden and almost unknown. With more stringent regulations, we will get out of the habit, and it will work no hardship. This will greatly simplify the problem of the tramp nuisance.

When the hobo cannot travel readily from place to place, his present mode of life will become irksome to him, and he will cease wandering about the country. It will, no doubt, add to the population of the slums, and thus increase the difficulties of solving what is already one of the gravest problems our municipalities are facing.

The farmer is opposing the enforcement of the laws against trespassing, for to him the railroad is traditionally a highway for pedestrians. In wet weather, when the muddy roads of the country make the rural highway almost or quite impassable, he seeks the rails and finds travel there excellent. Hence, the railroad and State or local authorities are encountering unexpected obstacles in their efforts to keep trespassers from the tracks.

Unlike the corporations and the race track owners, the tramp cannot engage counsel to nullify measures for his repression, and with a vigorous enforcement of the present laws in most of the States, the evil of the "weary Willies" will be greatly minimized. Likewise, the casualty list of our railroads will show a decided improvement.

Insurance Against Idleness.

Business is business; yet business is not without sentiment in these days. It is still as true as in the time of Ecclesiastes: "He that taketh away his neighbor's living slayeth him, and he that defraudeth the laborer of his hire is a blood shedder." Thus a switchman on a railway in Texas, who was loyal to Mr. Carnegie in his early days, has just received $40,000 as a token of the grateful remembrance of the Laird of Skibo. The Westinghouse company in Pittsburg is distributing thousands of dollars in bonuses to employes who were faithful during the recent days of its adversity. A citizen of New England hurried across the continent from Seattle to attend the funeral of an old domestic servant. These are instances of that which makes the whole world kin.

Now the cry of the unemployed, which distresses modern industrial life, is to be answered in England by legislation providing insurance against that disaster. The system is first to be applied to the trades of building, shipbuilding, and engineering, which employ approximately one-third of the wage-earners in England. State, employer, and employe will each contribute 5 cents a week toward the fund. The labor exchanges will be associated with the plan. The workless worker must accept work when found or else show satisfactory reason for refusing. If forced to be idle, he is to receive $1.92 a week for a maximum of twenty weeks. The attitude of the labor unions toward this plan has not yet been made clear. The better protection of the wage-earner is an asset to the employer as well as a benefit to the employe, provided the conditions are fair. But the degree of compulsion in this system needs to be made plain.

Mr. Taft is certainly good natured. We hope his apparent willingness to be accommodating in all things, however, will not prompt some enterprising Arizonaite to sell him a block of stock in a near-gold mine.

Having waxed fat on moth balls these many temperate moons, the moths will now retire to their lairs and await another crop of last winter's clothes.

Or, to express it differently, in the matter of a fight with "Uncle Joe" various patriotic statesmen find that distance lends enchantment to the stew.

The Pittsburg Gazette-Times inclines to think it no longer true that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, and this because the total in the United States is merely a scant 40,000. Perhaps it would be more considerate nowadays to say that the only good Indian is a scarce Indian.

We regret to report that one Szwoolskicz and one Bjshinerszi engaged in deadly combat over in Philadelphia recently, and as a result of the encounter Szwoolskicz is in jail and Bjshinerszi is in the hospital. The moral of this story is: Do not be a proofreader.

A number of Southern papers are coldly critical of Mr. Taft's admission that he met "an old sweetheart" in Seattle. The general opinion is that "former sweetheart" would have been a much more gallant expression.

King Alfonso's reply to those who threatened his life if Ferrer's death sentence was not commuted appears to have been plain enough. The Bourbons have generally been pretty long on personal courage, however, whatever may be said of them otherwise.

Where are the campaign libel suits of yesteryear? The winds have blown them all away.

As a result of the present New York pie famine, 5-cent slices will be much smaller in the future. This will involve the saving of considerable wear and tear on the long-suffering New York stomach.

"It has just been discovered that the new tariff law imposes a duty on cats," says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Hope Mr. Loeb will remember that when the next outlay of suffragettes tries to get by.

"A Los Angeles man has left a fortune to a girl who refused to marry him," says the Buffalo Express. Greater gratitude than that hath no man.

The Bookman wants to know whether there is any money in fiction. Mr. Peary intimates very pointedly that Dr. Cook is making considerable money dispensing it.

A St. Louis man broke his collar bone while rising to give his seat to a lady in a street car recently. Only the other day we read where another man plunged headlong from the car window after extending a similar courtesy. Nevertheless, we are moved to hope that those people in favor of reviving that polite, but obsolete, old custom will not be discouraged.

As a copy producer en route, Mr. Taft is not in Mr. Roosevelt's class a little bit.

It is extremely difficult for those Washingtonians who travel rarely into foreign provinces to understand the apparent fierce and uncompromising hostility entertained toward Mr. Speaker Cannon by Congressmen on the home stump.

There are symptoms that the desperate efforts to discredit Dr. Cook are about to peter out utterly. The last envious hope of proving that he did not reach the north pole appears to lie in the possibility of proving that he did not reach the summit of Mount McKinley.

"The protective tariff needs help," says Senator Penrose—just whatever that means. If we may believe Iowa, Indiana, et al., it probably will need an undertaker before many more years have passed—or, at least, the services of some first-class physicians.

The reference in these columns yesterday to Mr. "Ted" Robinson, of the Cleveland Leader, as "Tod" was purely inadvertent, and not, as some evil persons may have imagined, the outcome of thoughts anent the sudden and sharp drop in temperature incident to the day.

Viewing the situation in New York, we can hardly help wondering if a mayor is worth the price, anyhow.

What! Oklahoma a "garden of cranks?" Why, Mr. President!

As to the passage of the English budget, O Lords, how long?

The purchase of a sawmill in Hungary by the Countess Szechenyi suggests the idea that her full determination to cut some ice in European royal circles has in nowise diminished with the passing months.

October looks and acts the part all right, anyway.

"English papers are now talking feverishly about 'super-Dreadnoughts,'" says the Norfolk Landmark. After that will come discussions of the "supreme-Dreadnoughts," presumably; and after that the discussion should be turned over to the people who write the circus heralds.

ANENT PUBLIC MEN.

Mr. Wright's School of Flying.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Wilbur Wright has opened a school of aviation. The time is probably near when people will be taught to fly by correspondence.

Mr. Aldrich at Home.

From the Providence Journal.

There are many Republicans, for that matter, who will not be impressed by the fulsome praise of Mr. Aldrich or the childish boast that his name will be remembered when the names of his critics are forgotten.

Mr. Lodge and Local Issues.

From the Boston Herald.

Senator Lodge takes his chances in open debate with the horny-handed farmers of Nahant in town meeting assembled. For the moment the question of horse or motor hose wagon takes precedence over foreign policies.

Gov. Fort and Reform.

From the New York Sun.

Between Gov. Fort, of New Jersey, and the leaders now in control of the Republican party in his State there is so much ill feeling and bad will that there is no hope of his recommendations for administrative reform being acted on with sympathy.

Mr. Hawley's Railway Policy.

From the Philadelphia Press.

As for Hawley, he is not a builder of new roads, but an upbuilder of old ones. Instead of constructing he is merging, but, as in the case of the others, he needs unlimited nerve and money and unbounded optimism in the coming greatness of his country.

Mr. Long's Tariff Views.

From the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Mr. Long, of Kansas, agrees with Mr. Aldrich and President Taft that the tariff law lately enacted by Congress is an improvement on any which has preceded it. As he is an extreme protectionist this opinion simply means that the present schedules impose higher duties on competitive articles.

Gen. Grosvenor's Evasion.

From the Springfield Republican.

Gen. Charles Grosvenor, of Athens, being interviewed on the chances of defeating Gov. Harmon, of Ohio, agrees that it will be a hard job and that ex-Senator Foraker would not be equal to the task, but he carefully evaded the reporter's question as to whether he intended to become a candidate.

Mr. Taft and Drainage.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

Mr. Taft committed himself thoroughly to the present irrigation policy of the government, the appropriation of large sums of public money for the improvement of arid lands in the West, and when he comes to Charleston we should like to have him declare himself fully upon the subject of drainage.

Mr. Knox Criticised.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

The statement of Mr. Knox and the direct inferences to be drawn from it are, in a diplomatic sense, damaging to the interests of this country. While seeking to cover he made revelations of far more value to the foreign country most concerned than anything that appeared in the newspaper article which is said to have been based on an "indiscreet" interview given by Minister Crane.

Look Out for Fly Cops.

From the Boston Transcript.

Jack Highfly—Will you come for a joy ride in my aeroplane?

Miss De Witte—You don't mean a joy ride; you mean a skylark.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

AN ANCIENT EPISODE.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car;
No house in sight, nor any light,
And he from home afar.

And so he sat at twilight
And glowered at the scene,
The while his man went for a can
Of Tuscan gasoline.

Of Course.

"Why can't a woman campaign? Why can't she hold other women spellbound? She has two chances to impress her audience where a man has one."

"What are they?"

"Her oratory and her gowns."

Idle Thoughts.

The bitter end in cigars is the last half inch.

Everybody is anxious to serve a rich man with a subpoena.

One boarder claims the fruit salad is just another scheme for serving prunes.

When nice men are put up, how are we going to stop a woman from voting for both candidates?

The insurance company agrees to pay a certain amount to one widow.

The Genus Hobo.

Beggars can't be choosers,
So the maxim says.
Yet oft, I ween, they choose between
Ten plunks or thirty days.

Look It Up.

"I'll never hire another high-brow press agent."

"What's the matter, Miss Footlites?"

"He describes my costumes as being exiguous. He may mean well, but the Broadway crowd doesn't carry dictionaries."

Got Their Doubts.

I haven't beat my wifey yet; I haven't caused her to regret her married past. And all her friends cavort around and murmur with a rasping sound: "Hope it'll last!"

A True Philosopher.

"I wish I were eligible to join one of these patriotic sons of something."

"Too bad you're not."

"Still, if my ancestors hadn't always taken to the woods in time of warfare, I might not be here."

HOW ROYAL MAIDS PROPOSE.

Even When They Marry Commoners They Must Broach the Subject.

From the Western Scot.

When the reigning queen is to be married she must be the one to broach the subject first to her future consort. The same rule holds good with regard to all royal ladies who marry commoners.

Queen Victoria has told how she managed to "put the question" to Prince Albert—how she first showed him Windsor and its beauties, and the distant landscape, and then said: "All this may be yours." The Queen of Holland, on a like occasion, simply sent a sprig of white heather, begging Prince Henry to look up its meaning in a book of flowers and their meanings. The Duchess of Argyll took the following means of proposing to the Marquis of Lorne: She was about to attend a state ball, and gave it out that she would choose as her partner for the first dance the man she intended to honor. She selected the marquis, who subsequently became her husband.

But perhaps the most interesting of all ways chosen was that of the Duchess of Fife. She took the earl, as he then was, to a drawer and showed him its contents. There he saw a number of trifles he had given her at different times, including sprigs of several kinds of flowers, now dead, he picked for her at different times. He was much impressed at the sight, nor did it require words on her part to make her meaning plain.

HOW A COUNTRY PAPER TALKS.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
He swore by all the dogs that be
He would not advertise.

At last one day he advertised,
And thereby hangs a tale;
The ad was set in nonpareil
And headed "Sheriff's Sale."

—Midway (Ky.) Clipper.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

The Giving of Tips.

The "no-tip" hotel in London is reported by that keen observer, Mr. Howells, as an interesting experiment. But it is only that. The success of the plan depends entirely upon the disposition of the patrons. Americans are gradually learning that tipping in this country is more expensive than abroad. Across the water 10 per cent is a liberal gratuity on the total of a restaurant check. But in the United States the six-penny becomes a quarter; the three-penny tip is a dime, usually thankless. But we do not have to tip quite so many persons. In London one tips the salesman in a shop and the policeman in the street. In the United States the habit of tipping grows more extensive, as well as expensive. It is demoralizing to both giver and taker. If tips are a part of wages, the service rendered the patron is no better in quantity or quality.

Poisons of the Countryside.

Autumn wanderers afield should beware of the poison ivy and the poison sumac. They invite gathering for decoration because of their brilliant coloring. The poison ivy is of two kinds, the creeping and the low growing, generally found along stone walls and in low jungles. The former trails over the tree trunks and by the careless may easily be mistaken for Virginia creeper, though it requires but slight botanical knowledge to differentiate them. A too close approach, even without contact, will produce distressing consequences in the case of some susceptible persons. While distance may not lend enchantment, it is yet a condition of safety in their contemplation. The harmless sumacs take on very rich autumnal tints, but the poisonous variety far surpasses them in this respect. In fact, its exceeding beauty betrays its presence, and utters its warning to the initiated. The ivy that is permitted to grow along the highways and fences is perhaps the most dangerous of all, because its lowliness tends to make it unnoticed among the other shrubbery.

Some Early Aviators.

Our modern aeronauts receive rewards for their successes. But their earliest predecessor who failed was punished. This was Wang Tu, a Chinese mandarin, who, about 2000 B. C., having constructed a pair of large parallel and horizontal kites, seated himself in a chair fixed between them, while forty-seven attendants, each with a candle, ignited forty-seven rockets placed beneath the apparatus. But the rocket under the chair exploded, burned the mandarin, and so angered the emperor that he ordered a severe paddling for Wang. Then there is left in stone a partial account of experiments by Man-U, an Assyrian priest, who attempted to fly from the temple of Baal. The next victims of aviation were certain criminals, whose arms and legs the ancient Leucadians annually fitted with wings of various design and who were then hurled from "Rock of Sappho's Leap," a boat awaiting them in the sea below to give them liberty should they succeed in solving the problem. The first fatality of the kind in the present era seems to have been a Roman, who, during the reign of Nero, attempted to fly high in the air over the Eeternal City with a pair of wings at Perouse, fell upon the top of St. Mary's Church, and broke his leg. The prior of Tongland in 1510, before the court of Stirling, donned feathered wings, and, leaping from a tower of the castle, fell into a heap of refuse.

The World's Timber.

Apparently the world approaches a shortage of timber. Prof. Somerville's recent paper upon this topic, before the British Association, shows that Great Britain pays each year £27,000,000 for wood; Germany, with nearly twelve times the area of forest possessed by Britain, annually pays £12,000,000 for imported timber, and, although the United States of American exports wood and wood products to the value of £20,000,000 per annum, she has to pay as much for imports. In Europe, Sweden and Russia are, of course, the chief timber exporting countries, but in both cases the vast inroads on supplies is seriously felt, and exports are being appreciably reduced. There are, of course, Canada and Siberia, but in Canada wood is being used up at a rapid rate.

IDEAL COUNTRY LIFE.

Comforts of Home Make for Happiness as Well as Success.

From the Progressive Farmer.

Did you ever think, Mr. Farmer, that all your planning and working and making and saving—your efforts to raise larger crops and acquire more money—have for their one great aim the making of a better, a more attractive, a cheerfuller, a happier home? For this, after all, you plow and sow and reap—that you and your wife and your children may have a better place in which to live and may find in it more of beauty and brightness and comfort.

There may be some folks who wish to acquire property for the mere sake of possession—simply to have and to hold and feel that it is theirs; but we do not believe that many of our readers belong to this class. We thing instead that most of you who read this, while you fully appreciate our efforts to help you make more money, realize that if the money thus made does not contribute to the comfort and well-being of those you love, it is after all worth very little to you.

The home is the great thing, and a poor home and a good farmer do not go together. This is why we urge each and every one of you to add to his home just as much of beauty and convenience as is possible. It is only justice to your wife that she have just as many helps toward making her work indoors easy and pleasant as you have in doing your work on the farm. It is no more than the absolute right of your children to grow up under the most favorable conditions and among the most healthful and inspiring surroundings which you are able to provide for them. And it is no more than you owe yourself that you make your home a place to which you are always glad to go—one attractive to the eye, restful to the body, inspiring to the mind, and comforting to the heart.

This is the sort of home which we believe every one of our readers is entitled to, and which all might have. Of course, none of you can have things just as he would; but we believe you will find it a money-making proposition as well as a source of the deepest and truest satisfaction to have your house painted; to make the grounds about it just as attractive as your means and time will allow; to see that the surroundings are healthful; to provide your wife the labor-saving equipment she needs and save her just as much work as possible; to put in as soon as you can a water supply and a bathroom; to spend a little for books and pictures and music and handsome, serviceable furniture. We believe, let us repeat, that it will pay you, merely as a financial proposition, to do these things; but even if it does not, you should do them just the same, for is not this, after all, what you are trying to make money for?

TRIED A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Best Perpetrator Finds It Working with Reverse English.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Don't ever try to pull any comedy on a life insurance agency. It doesn't pay to wax jocular with life insurance men, because they're the wisest people there are and you can't get anything past them. Many insurance men are so sagacious that they can understand the average life insurance policy.

Take this case: A Painesville man, who may be called Johnson, because his name is something else, received a circular letter from a Cleveland insurance agency with postal card inclosed for him to sign and send in if he wanted further information. Being one of the leading jokers of the town, Johnson did not sign his own name to the card; he signed his friend Thompson's name and then dropped the card into the letter box.

Then, when the wily insurance men sent a representative out to Painesville, he went right to see Thompson, the man whose name was signed to the card, didn't he? Answer: He didn't. He went straight to see Johnson, just as if Johnson had affixed his own signature to the card when he mailed it.

"We got your card," the agent says to Johnson, "and I came out to talk things over with you.

"W-h-a-a-t!" gasped Johnson, "why—why, that isn't my signature!"

"No," admitted the agent, "but you see, it's your handwriting."

"Well, how in the hotel did you find it out?" burst out Johnson in an unguarded moment.

"Oh, never mind about that," soothed the insurance man, smilingly. "We have to know all such things. Let's talk about insurance. Why let the mere detail of your signing the wrong name occupy us?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," declared Johnson. "Put me wise to how you found that out and I'll be doggoned if I don't take out a policy for $5,000 with you. If you people could figure out that you must be a pretty keen bunch."

The agent pointed to a serial number on the post card, hidden away where nobody would ever notice it. Whenever a postal card was sent out with a circular, a record of the serial number was kept in the office. Practically all insurance companies work that system nowadays.

The Painesville man was astonished, almost disgusted, at the simplicity of the scheme, but he kept his word.

A Good Joke on Missouri.

From the Topeka (Kans.) Capital.

Vice President Sherman has surprised nobody by his interviews at Kansas City during his stay of several days there on business. Belonging from time immemorial to the Aldrich-Cannon element of the party and nominated by them for Vice President, he naturally paid affecting tributes to their greatness and patriotism.

But in the course of an interview in the Kansas City Journal it is stated that the Vice President expressed great disappointment on learning that Senator William Warner was not in town. "I wonder," inquired Mr. Sherman, "if you know that man as well as we know him in Washington? Missouri is to be congratulated on having such a faithful representative in Washington as Senator Warner. He did yeoman's work in compiling the new tariff."

The joke of this is that Maj. Warner, not being on the Finance Committee, had nothing directly to do with "compiling the tariff," but his yeoman's service consisted entirely in voting aye whenever Aldrich voted that way, and no when Rhode Island voted no. So that it is not Missouri at all, but Rhode Island, that the Vice President should have congratulated on having so loyal a representative as William Warner, of Kansas City.

In Explanation.

From the New York Mail.

It is no more remarkable that a "wealthy malefactor" is more difficult to convict than a small grafter, than it is that a sturdy ruffian is harder to arrest than a mere vagabond, or a cunning rogue than a simpleton at wrongdoing. But the very fact that some men have natural advantages when they are summoned before the bar of justice is reason additional for seeing that no artificial advantages are added. Unequal and inequitable are not identical terms.

History.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Confound it," said Napoleon when he had crossed the Alps, "they tell me Hannibal did it first. He has violated the ethics of Alp crossing. I have made a study of crossing Alps, and he should, therefore, have tried to get into Italy by some other method. I don't believe he ever crossed. He has handed the world a gold brick."

AT THE HOTELS.

"American machines have a bad name in Ireland," said J. B. Ferguson, a partner of one of the biggest automobile firms of Belfast, Ireland, at the Raleigh last night. "But I am glad to see that you have good machines in this country, after all. I suppose you only send second-rate machines (referring to automobiles) abroad and keep the best at home; or maybe the demand here is so great that you cannot manufacture enough first-class cars for export.

"The question as to whether a general election will be called in England is on everybody's lips," continued Mr. Ferguson, "and it is rather difficult to foretell what will happen. It is certain that Mr. Lloyd-George's scheme of taxing automobiles is very unpopular. Just think of it, $200 a year tax on a 40-horsepower machine. That seems unreasonable enough. Every automobile and motor car, according to the proposed new tax bill, will have to pay a high tax. Yes, I suppose the government needs the money to build new battle ships to keep pace with other powers."

Speaking of Ireland, Mr. Ferguson said that the feeling between the north of Ireland and the southern portion is more cordial than it ever has been, that the religious differences are more and more losing their acuteness and that both sections are working for home rule in unison and harmony. "The more concessions are made by the English government to the home rulers of Ireland the less grows the feeling of antagonism in Ireland against the English. The German-Irish alliance has been entered into for political reasons and is popular in Ireland, but the more concessions the London government makes to Ireland the less the need grows for the continuance of this alliance."

"I have spoken to Mr. Wilbur Wright in New York about his aeroplanes. He told me," added Mr. Ferguson, "that Belfast linen, rubberized, was the best for his use, and I at once informed my brother, who is interested in the linen industry. There is one thing about your city streets—they are full of holes. You pay evidently more attention to the sky than to the streets. I would love to be engaged in business in America; there is so much enterprise, life, and dash about it, but your home life does not appeal to me; for that give me the old country."

Col. Lafayette Young, editor and publisher of the Des Moines Capitol, was seen at the New Willard last night.

Discussing the political situation in Iowa and the insurgent movement, Col. Young said that this movement had found its birth with the leaders, and not with the people; that it was the "medicine man" who was keeping the insurgent movement alive, and not the great mass of voters.

"The people indorse it," said Col. Young, "because the leaders are in favor of it, and that's about all there is to it.

"President Taft," said Col. Young, "before his term is half finished will have brought together all the warring factions in the Republican party, and the evidence of his intention and efforts of doing so lies in the fact that he signed the tariff bill, which was not by any means satisfactory to him. In that respect he is like Col. Roosevelt, who, when President, signed the rate bill, which was not altogether to his liking; but he signed it because it was the best he could secure, and also to promote party harmony."

"Austria is preparing to build a big navy of Dreadnoughts," said William A. Rublee, former consul general at Vienna, Austria, and now consul general at Hongkong. "It will be a heavy burden on that country, because they are not a rich people. I believe that this is due to the German Emperor's influence, who, in case of war with any country, could command the assistance of his ally both on water and on land.

"American business and enterprise has not yet made much headway in Austria. In Germany there is considerable, and Americans are steadily gaining ground in that country. But, then, Germany is much more progressive than Austria, where antiquated business methods are in vogue to a very great extent. Then, also, most of the American imports intended for Austria go through German ports.

"The Czechs," continued Mr. Rublee, "have even now started to make demonstrations in Vienna, which is practically a German city. They want to supplant the German language with their own, and yet they are in the minority in the Austrian capital. They are always scrapping and dissatisfied, notwithstanding the fact that a big part of Bohemia is German, and it was German industry and perseverance that have made Bohemia the busy mart it is to-day."

Speaking about Vienna, Mr. Rublee said of all the European cities it was the most fascinating place; that one does not realize it until away from it or visiting other cities.

"It is quite true, there are some antiquated methods and habits in vogue yet in Vienna, but one gets accustomed to them. For instance, the police regulation prescribe that every house must be closed by 10 o'clock, no matter whether it be your own house or anybody else's. Then should you come home after 10 o'clock, the hausmeister, or porter, who has his little quarters in every house, opens the door for you, which means a tip every time. However, that's a trifle. There is something about the whole life and atmosphere in Vienna which is not to be found elsewhere, and makes life more attractive there than anywhere else.

"Bosnia and Herzegovina," added Mr. Rublee, "have become reconciled to their fate and they should be grateful to Austria for having been taken in charge by them."

Mr. Rublee said he had absolutely nothing to offer so far as the Crane resignation or the American status in China were concerned; that he was accredited to the English government at Hongkong.

Dr. William B. Lamb, of Chicago, an enthusiastic automobilist, who is at the Shoreham, speaking of a trip through Manitoba, said last night:

"We stopped at a little inn near the town of Hargrave. I found in the inn the landlord and another man. They sat side by side on a bench. They were both very old.

"'Excuse me, landlord,' I said, 'but can you tell me how far it is to Brandon?'

"The old man jumped up and hobbled behind the bar.

"'Brandy?' he said in a thin quaver. 'Yes, indeed, sir; and a very fine brandy it is.'

"He put the bottle and glass before me.

"'I asked you,' said I more loudly, 'how far it is to Brandon?'

"'The best brandy, of course, sir,' he answered. 'I don't keep nothing but the best.'

"In despair I turned from this deaf veteran to the other man on the bench.

"'Look here,' I said, 'can you tell me how far it is to Brandon?'

"The other old man, with a grateful look, rose and limped hastily up to the bar.

"'Thanks, sir,' he said; 'I don't care if I do.'"

Smoking in Church.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It has come at last. Smoking by men is to be allowed in a church at Dayton, Ohio. Efforts to popularize the church in these days are advancing so rapidly that the church may soon become the most formidable competitor of the club as a place to go to have a good time.

A Hit for Every Head.

THE BIG STICK

Wielded for the Uplift.

VOL. III. NO. 22. WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 16, 1909. TWO CENTS.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Big Stick is glad to see that the White House is being repainted, enlarged at one end, and otherwise fixed up during the President's absence from our midst.

Mr. Taft, likely as not, has a hard winter before him, and we rejoice to know that he is to be comfortably domiciled while he has Congress on his hands next time. He will be entitled to a home-like, quiet place, where he can retire from his day's struggles and take his ease. A great many Congressmen are going to take their troubles to Mr. Taft next session, we imagine, and his physical as well as his mental energies are likely to be taxed severely. What more consistent with mercy, good will, and consideration for the President than that his private establishment be put in apple-pie order, so that he may get all possible relaxation and satisfaction out of it? Nothing, says the Big Stick—and we ought to know, having troubles of our own, as we might say.

While we are on the subject, we are moved to express the hope that those recently discovered rats in the White House will be driven out—routed, exterminated! Why should there be rats in the White House? Mr. Roosevelt would not have put up with them—why, with all his abundant good nature, should his genial successor? Just because a man is given to smiling and being cheerful surely is no reason why he should be pestered with rats and varmints about his house. Besides, we think it a reflection on this country—one that may provoke European chancelleries to guffaws galore—that rodents scamper around the White House with impunity!

Let the good work go on, however. We have every confidence that Mr. Taft will find the White House entirely to his liking when he gets back.

THE AVIATION MEET.

The Big Stick falls in line, head erect and chest swelling, with its contemporaries in Washington and Baltimore, for the aviation meet next year.

We are undecided as yet as to the best place for the high, low, and long-distance flyers, but we are inclined to favor the Eastern Branch flats. They are easy of access, and in case any of the heavier-than-air machine navigators get a fall, it will be on a soft spot, which is preferable. The flats being in close proximity to the United States Navy Yard, the government can experiment as to the effect of shot and shell on aerial navigation. The jail, workhouse, insane asylum, and cemetery are near by, and all in all a more suitable or desirable place cannot be found anywhere in the United States.

And further, the neighboring towns of Anacostia and Congress Heights heartily approve of the idea and promise to entertain the distinguished foreigners who may be present in a right royal manner.

SCAT!

'Tis the business of a poet,
Of the laureating style,
To sing his country's glories with eclat—
To warble of the women,
With their fairy forms divine,
Their sparkling eyes, their graces, and all that!

So, I sing these things with gusto,
And I chirp from morn to night,
A willing bard, and gallant, too, you bet!
But I draw the line emphatic
On that freakish, cattish maid,
The whooping, howling, fighting suffragette!

Oh, the scrapping suffragette!
Oh, the rapping suffragette!
Oh, the yapping and the snapping suffragette!
They're always in a frob—sort of pugilistic pet!
A bas the screeching, preaching suffragette!

J. CECIL HOOE.

NEAR-WAR.

There is an old sinner named Cannon,
Mr. Parsons says he'll put a ban on!
But I've heard that before—
That old spiel—o'er and o'er!
And it ran on, and ran on, and ran on!

BEDLOE BEY.

GASTRONOMIC.

The President's aid—Capt. Butt—
To all Frenchified grub says, "Tut, tut!"
"What we want is compone,
Cabbage biled, and hambone!
Other things from our menu we've cut!"

RALPH LEE.

Read Bingville Bugle to-morrow.

WHEN WOMEN COME INTO THEIR OWN.

Drawn by Jackson Ralston.

WE HEAR—

That Mr. Myron M. Parker will soon again figure prominently in Washington doings.

That Lou Strayer will enter his red automobile in the next endurance and reliability run.

That Charles Kern will pass up the Associated Press, move out into the country, and lead a simple life.

That Harry Crist has decided to attend all music rehearsals the coming winter, diked out in a full dress suit.

That Willis Moore's idea as to who discovered the north pole is as uncertain as his weather predictions.

That Townley McKee is about to organize a hotel trust in the Capital City, Alexandria, and near-by resorts.

That Cuno Rudolph has applied for the fireworks privilege at College Park during the aviation meet next year.

That Chris J. Gockler has set up a claim at the Basin, and can be found there any morning at 6 o'clock with an assortment of rods, but no fish.

That Sigmund Kann, of Baltimore and Washington, is noncommittal as to which city he prefers for the aviation meet next year.

That Ed. Halsey will give up his job at the Senate press gallery and act as a steady reception committee of one at the National Press Club.

That Terrell and Little have gone out of the real estate business and organized an automobile line to Burnt Mills and the surrounding country.

That Tom Noyes will resign as president of the Washington baseball club and devote the remainder of his days to the nobler and more glorious undertaking of practicing journalism.

That Joseph Ralph, Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the "working girls' friend," will soon start on an extensive lecture tour. Subject: "Suffragettes."

BY YE LOCAL SCRIBE.

The Big Stick congratulates the promoters of the great labor parade on the splendid showing and Sam De Nedrey.

Reader: The de luxe edition of James C. Hoee's poems will be ready for the publishers early the coming winter.

That Cliff Long is already preparing himself for the annual dinner of the Poodle Duck Club, of which he is the Chief Drake.

Midst the storm of polar controversy we've got one important piece of knowledge cinched, anyway—we know now what an igloo is.

Time hangs heavily on the hands of Charite C. Rogers since the baseball season has closed and all have paid their personal taxes.

Dr. H. L. E. Johnson, with his jolly good nature, having spent some months abroad, is again in our midst much improved in flesh and figure.

The Big Stick offers its most humble apology to Allen Albert for not having mentioned him in its columns for several weeks. Never will it happen again.

Corcoran Thom has resumed his natural state after his arduous labors during inauguration, and will now work steadily for the inauguration of the coming "prosperity."

B. Frank Myers is out with the statement that nobody ever saw a dead mule. He wants to know if this was why a donkey was chosen as the emblem of the Democratic party.

Russell Palmer Allen, the debonair Assistant Superintendent of the postal registry system, after "Cooking" Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Tonawanda, and Lockport, has returned to the city.

Col. Stealey is sighing for the old days when the Louisville baseball team was in the same league with Washington. He says they were the only ones that ever finished below the Senators.

We can understand how Merritt Chance got by the custom-house officers, but for the life of us we can't see how they passed that green overcoat he is flashing around the post-office.